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With Floating Lighthouses As Landing Stations at Sea, Transatlantic Flight Easy

Plan of Col. Tulasne, Chief of French Aviation Mission in America, Provides for Flight by Easy Stages Rather Than Long, Unbroken Trip, as Best Means of Sending Huge American Air Fleet to Europe.

By Sophie Irene Loeb

WHAT is generally regarded in aeronautics as one of the most interesting suggestions made for successful transatlantic flying is the erection of floating lighthouses in mid-ocean between this country and "over there."

This interesting possibility for safe transatlantic flying and for sending overseas direct hundreds of aeroplanes is the conception of Col. Joseph Tulasne, Chief of the French Aviation Mission in America, who recently was promoted to his present rank for his remarkable organization of the aviation facilities of France.

Col. Tulasne, together with three of his associates, is credited with having advanced aviation activities in this country to an unprecedented degree.

He is now here aiding the American Government and has thirty-five officers acting in various aviation fields throughout the United States in co-operation with the American aviation.

Col. Tulasne, it will be remembered, came here with Gen. Joffre. He was one of the first aviators on the battlefields and was in the Battle of the Marne.

That he has been a fearless flyer, especially in night flying, is attested by his decorations. Among the prominent Frenchmen who are serving under Col. Tulasne are Capt. Alfred Hauriaux, Lieut. Soulier, Lieut. Flachaire, Lieut. Max Benois, Andre Tardieu, Marquis Melchior de Polignac and Lieut. Henri Sarre.

"I believe the plan of transatlantic flying is feasible with a construction of a series of floating lighthouses or landing stations," said Col. Tulasne when I talked with him on this subject, which is the talk of the hour in aviation circles.

"These lighthouses could be properly equipped with powerful guns, and would not only prove of value for the protection of the seas but would protect aviators who would need to come down for gasoline or for repairs.

"The landing places could be properly engineered for the safety of aviators. In this way there is a fair assurance of safety in making a long flight," said Col. Tulasne, "and also they would facilitate the work of aviators in this important endeavor.

"While it is possible to cross the Atlantic without such devices, yet the feasibility of sending planes in large numbers without some such landing stations would be most difficult and certainly more hazardous.

"Also, with the floating lighthouse scheme the planes would not need to be built so powerfully or of such large capacity as would be necessary in a continuous trip.

"Flights of long distances are coming—and coming fast," continued the Colonel, "but, of course, it is obvious why greater care should be given in devising the best methods for such a significant venture as the transatlantic one presents.

"These lighthouses that I speak about could be provisioned from passing ships, and could also act as intelligence stations for the benefit of the aviators."

And while we discussed this most absorbing topic, Col. Tulasne told how important it was to choose men who go into the aviation service for their particular and peculiar capabilities.

"For example," said the Colonel, "the dispositions and character of men are of utmost importance. There are those who show tendencies of fearlessness right off, and also recklessness.

"There are others with a very careful turn in their nature. The field of flying and the technicalities are now so vastly different from what they were in the beginning that personalities of men for particular work is of paramount importance.

"That is to say, one man may develop as an excellent flyer in the daytime, but couldn't very well fly at night. Another would prove valuable for scouting purposes, and still another for skilful bomb throwing, and so on.

"So that great care must be shown as the various necessities of war demands are manifested."

According to prominent authorities there are seven ways of crossing the Atlantic with land aeroplanes, flying boats and hydroaeroplanes. All the roads, however, lead to Ireland. The seven ways are:

1—Large aeroplanes capable of flying 3,000 miles from New York to Ireland without a halt, assisted by trade winds.

2—Flying boats and hydroaeroplanes to Ireland, stopping to secure fuel from ships located every three hundred miles along the route.

3—By means of land aeroplanes, large or small, starting from Newfoundland and flying to Ireland, a distance of 1,860 miles, without stopping.

4—Flying boats and hydroaeroplanes, starting from Newfoundland and flying to Ireland, 1,860 miles, taking on gasoline from ships stationed at every three hundred miles along the route.

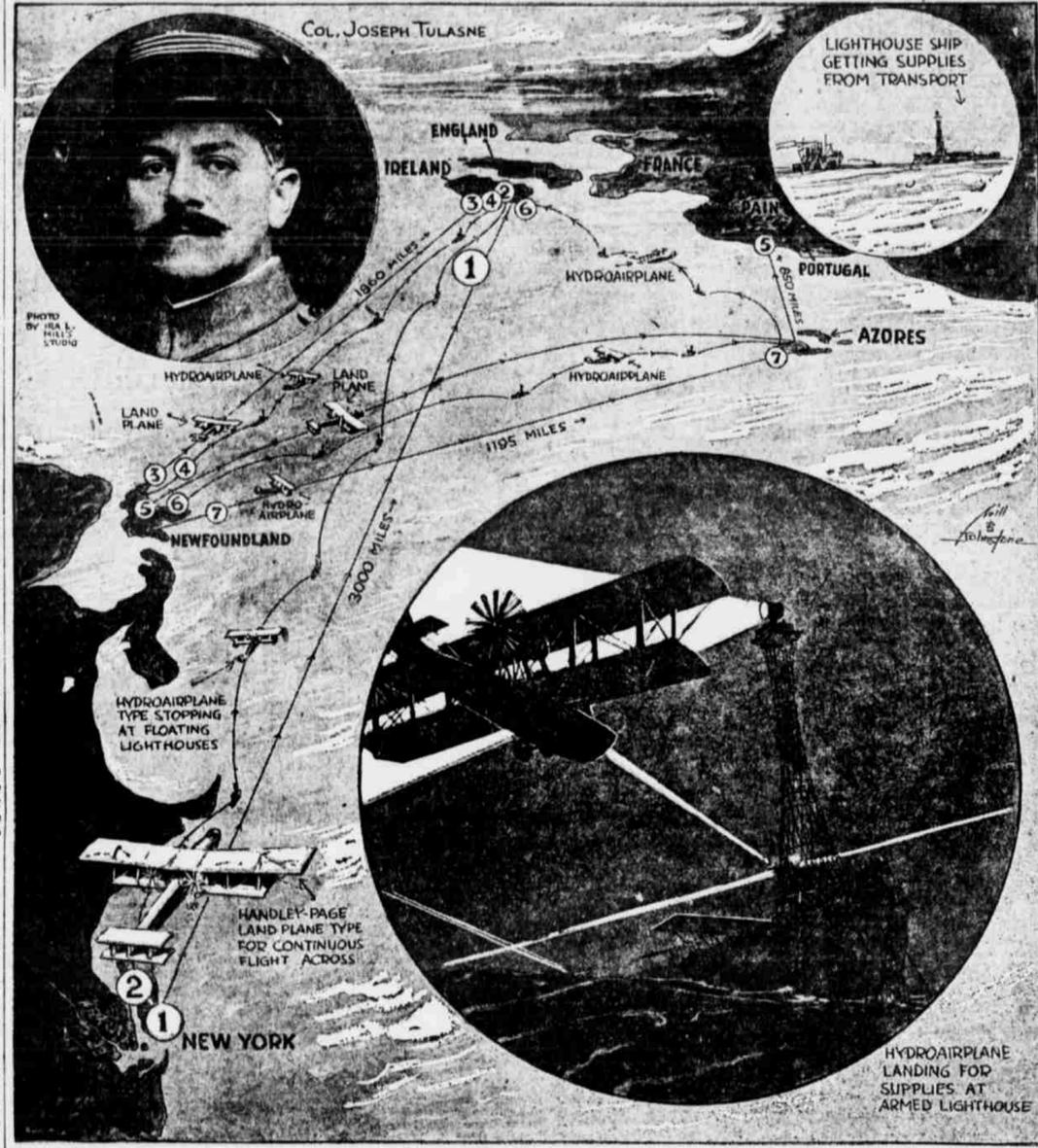
5—By means of land machines, large or small, flying from Newfoundland to Azores, 1,195 miles, and from the Azores to Portugal, 850 miles.

6—By means of hydroaeroplanes flying from Newfoundland to the Azores and from the Azores to Ireland, taking on fuel from ships stationed 200 miles apart along the route.

7—Flying boats from Newfoundland to the Azores and take on fuel there.

Seven Possible Air Routes to Europe

THESE TRANSATLANTIC ROUTES, CONSIDERED FEASIBLE BY EXPERTS, IN CONJUNCTION WITH COL. TULASNE'S "FLOATING LIGHTHOUSE" PLAN, MIGHT OPEN A WAY TO LAND A STREAM OF AIRPLANES "OVER THERE."



Real "Out to Win" Spirit Of America in the War Seen by British Soldier

New War Book by Lieut. Coningsby Dawson Tells Not Only of Fighting Spirit of Our Soldiers but of the Earnest and Huge Preparations of the Nation to Make Our Part in War Count, and Keep On Counting More and More Until Germany Is Beaten.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

"THE American troops have set words to one of their bugle calls. To the song of the bugles they chant as they march: 'We've got four years to do this job. We've got four years to do this job.' That is the spirit of America. Her soldiers give her four years, but to judge from the scale of her preparations she might be planning for thirty. America is out to win."

That is the inspiring message from a distinguished Englishman to us and to his own people—the text of Lieut. Coningsby Dawson's new war book, "Out to Win." Lieut. Dawson was detached from his regiment last winter by the British Foreign Office and sent to France to make a careful study of America's part in the war. The choice was peculiarly apt, for I fancy it is with Lieut. Dawson as with Sir Gilbert Parker, who, speaking of America, once told me very simply, "Half my heart is always with you."

Born in England, Lieut. Dawson lived in New York for ten years previous to the opening of the war, winning success as a novelist of modern manners; and although he quickly enlisted with one of the earliest Canadian regiments to see service, this city is still his home, to which he came to convalesce from a serious wound last autumn. He understands and appreciates us; yet, in his own words, "as a combatant of another nation, I have my standards of comparison by which to judge." That his verdict is warmly appreciative should be a boost to the optimism of all of us, an additional proof that after all our war machine has not broken down.

"My purpose," Lieut. Dawson begins his book, "is to prove with facts that America is in the war to her last dollar, her last man, and for just as long as Germany remains unrepentant. Her strength is unexpended, her spirit is un-war-weary. She has a greater efficient man-power for her population than any nation that has yet entered the arena of hostilities. Her resources are continental rather than national; it is as though a new and undivided Europe had sprung to arms in moral horror against Germany."

Lieut. Dawson finds that America takes the war primarily as a job which must be carried to its ruthless, successful conclusion. "What has impressed me most in my tour of the American activities in France," he writes in "Out to Win," "is the businesslike relentlessness of the preparations. Everything is being done on a titanic scale and everything is being done to last. The ports, the railroads, the plants that are being constructed will still be standing a hundred years from now. There's no 'Home for Christmas' optimism about America's method of making war. One would think she was expecting to be still fighting when all the present generation is dead. She is investing billions of dollars in what can only be regarded as permanent improvements.

"The American as I have met him in France has not changed one iota from the man that he was in New York or Chicago. He has transplanted himself untheatrically to the scenes of battlefields and set himself undisturbedly to the task of dying. There is an amazing normality about him. He is absolutely himself, keenly efficient and irreverently modern. Everywhere, from the Bay of Biscay to the Swiss border, from the Mediterranean to the English Channel, you see the lean figure and the slouch hat of the U. S. A. soldier."

What are the concrete accomplishments of the American war machine as it is functioning in France? Lieut. Dawson speaks glowingly of some of them. There is, for instance, the tenth-rate French port which Americans are remaking to accommodate the enormous tonnage by which we are taking across the men and materials of war.

"The capacity of her harbor basin is being multiplied fifty times, the berthing capacity trebled, the unloading facilities multiplied by ten. A railroad yard is being laid which will contain 225 miles of tracks and 870 switches. An immense locomotive works is being erected for the repairing and assembling of rolling stock from America. Reservoirs are being built at some distance from the town which will be able to supply 6,000,000 gallons of purified water a day. Six million cubic yards of filling were necessary to raise the ground of the railroad yard to the proper level."

Another spot which Lieut. Dawson visited is to be the intermediate point in the American line of communications. Here are the figures given him for this mammoth undertaking when completed: Six and a half miles long and about one mile broad. Four and a half million feet of covered storage, and 10,000,000 feet of open storage. Two hundred miles of track in its railroad yard and enough of the materials of war housed to keep a million men fully equipped for thirty days. A plant for the assembling of aeroplanes which would employ 20,000 men.

And one out of several American aviation camps is to turn out from 350 to 400 airmen a month. One mechanical bakery for American troops will take flour direct from railroad cars and convert it into bread at the rate of 750,000 pounds a day.

"Here are some facts and statistics which illustrate the big business of war as Americans have undertaken it," writes the author of "Out to Win." They have had to erect cold-storage plants, with mechanical means of ice manufacture, of sufficient capacity to hold 25,000,000 pounds of beef always in readiness. They are at present constructing two salvage depots which, when completed, will be the largest in the world. Here they will repair and make fit for service again shoes, harness, clothing, webbing, tentage, rubber boots, &c. Attached to these buildings there are to be immense laundries which will undertake the washing for all the American forces. Under the American system every soldier, on coming out of the trenches, will receive a complete new outfit, from the soles of his feet to the crown of his head. The Quartermaster General's Department alone will have 35,000 motor propelled vehicles and a personnel of 160,000 men.

"American military hospitals in France are being erected to accommodate 200,000 wounded.

"What I saw in France," Lieut. Dawson concludes earnestly, "in the early months of this year has filled me with unbounded optimism. I feel the elated certainty, as never before, even in the moment of the most successful attack, that the Boche's fate is sealed. What is more, I have grounds for believing that he knows it—knows that the collapse of Russia will profit him nothing, because he cannot withstand the avalanche of men from America. Already he hears them, as I have seen them, training in their camps from the Pacific to the Atlantic, racing across the ocean in their gray transports, marching along the dusty roads of two continents, a procession locust-like in multitude, stretching half about the world, marching and singing indomitably. 'We've got four years to do this job.' From behind the Rhine he has caught their singing; it grows ever nearer, stronger. It will take time for that avalanche to pyramid on the western front; but when it has piled up it will rush forward, fall on him and crush him."

"Out to Win" is published by John Lane Company.

Famous Movie Actresses Tell About Themselves

By Mae Marsh

IT WASN'T ambition that led me into the field of motion pictures—I insist on not saying movies—so much as a girl's longing to be up and doing something. I wanted to be like my grown-up sister, Marguerite Marsh, who spent her days at a wonderful studio instead of in a dull schoolroom, as I did. She was surrounded by a glamour which seemed to me the greatest thing in the world. In those days screen actresses were not so well known as they are to-day. I suppose if Marguerite had been a real cinema queen, with her picture in the magazines and her automobile and her maid and wonderful Fifth Avenue frocks and hats—why, then I would have just eaten my heart out. But my sister was just a dear girl who was occupying a small niche—and I wanted to stand in one beside her.

They wouldn't hear to it, though. I wasn't pretty and I was much too thin and my freckles simply wouldn't give me a chance with the very pretty Marguerite. So what could I do but pine? And stay at school.

There was something in me, though, that wouldn't be downed. So I resolved to take matters in my own hands. If my mother wouldn't let me go to the studio and try my luck, and my sister smiled at me because I wanted to, then I would go without my mother's permission and in spite of Marguerite's superior sort of smiles. And I did.



MAE MARSH.

I went to Marguerite's studio when she was away on "location"—that's when a company leaves the studio to act in out-of-door scenes—and asked if they didn't want me. There wasn't a chance that day, I was told. Still I wouldn't leave. I sank on a box in the courtyard and watched the lucky girls parading around in their make-up and special costumes. Tears sprang to my eyes and crept down over my freckles. I didn't care how I looked—red eyes or anything.

Just then a man passed and looked down at me. I looked up at him. In view of what happened later that look was the turning point in my life. It got me into motion pictures. I didn't know it, but I have since learned that it was a "wistful" look. The man saw possibilities in it and gave me a tiny part in a photoplay he was then producing. I have loved that play always. It was "Sands o' Dee" and the man was D. W. Griffith. Both my mother and Marguerite forgave me when I told them and my truancy was condoned. I stayed on at the studio and became my sister's rival.

Some years passed and now I find my name ahead of the title of the picture. That means that I am a star. And people write serious reviews of my plays and stacks of clippings come in and droves of girls ask me to send them photographs. So what more is there for my "wistful" look back there in the old days to bring me except the ambition to do better day by day? For I AM ambitious now.

Pouring the Bluing Into Blue Monday

A Bone Dry Law Will Mean That We Can't Even Get Our Skulls Shampooed—Columbus Discovered America and the Kaiser Will Never Forgive Him for It—Pumpkins Will Soon Be Ripe, but the Kind You'll Get in Your Pie Will Have Been Ripe for the Last Five Years—Epidemic of Influenza Is Raging in Germany and the Clown Prince Already Has a Medal for His.

BY ARTHUR ("BUGS") BAER.

REPORT that a U boat hung around a fashionable Long Island summer resort for two days. Which is a pretty good record. Wish the U boat would come back and tell us how it made its bankroll last that long.

Everything official and under control in Butte, Montana. Citizens are boycotting the pro-Germans and the girls are girlcotting the slackers.

Fierce to be boycotted, but we'd hate to be girlcotted.

Tough luck, but the silver handles on Von Hindy's lumber kimona will be pewter.

Dry law will be a blow to the patriots who have been drinking for their country.

Don't know what's happened to the birds who used to tell us how to live on eight cents a day. Probably up in the Arctic telling the Eskimos how to keep cool on eleven icebergs a week.

Kaiser is still picking shrinking violets on Flanders battlefields, although his chemists are busy working on a new synthetic unshrinkable kind.

Giving your wife a twenty dollar bill to buy a seventeen dollar hat and expecting her to bring you back three dollars change is as foolish as going into the Bronx subway to get the air.

The new Prohibition Law will sure extract the fun from funnels. Laws will be strict. Won't even be able to buy furniture polish unless you really have furniture.

Is the bloom to fade from the glorious American nose? Bill Bryan is coming back into popularity again. Bill was all right. All he needed was a little one-night corn cure on his head.

Over 300,000 Americans in the front line trenches and each one as diplomatic as a rattlesnake buzzing the bad news with his tail buttons.

Hotel de Gink went out of business just in time to escape that 1917 tax on eight dollar neckties, eleven dollar meals and fifty beans a day hotel suites.

Austrians running so fast their feet are stuttering. Looks like their shoes are made of rabbit hide. Retreated twenty miles in one day, which ain't so bad for a flatfooted army. Looks like the Russians will have to organize another army to defend their record.

Most U. S. Patents for Transit Devices

UNCLE SAM granted the first patent of the present series just eighty-two years ago to-day. Patent No. 1, issued on July 13, 1836, was for a device to keep car wheels from slipping. Several years ago the millionth patent was issued, on a pneumatic tire, which proves that inventors are still much concerned with wheels. The constant demand for better transit facilities is responsible for the largest proportion of patents. Flying machines at the present time are the particular object of inventors' minds, and scarcely a day passes without an application covering some new and novel type of machine for navigating the air.

THE DEEPEST OCEAN.

THE average depth of the oceans is from two to three miles. At the mouth of the Rio de la Plata, off the coast of South America, the depth of the Atlantic is said to be more than 45,000 feet, or something in excess of eight miles.